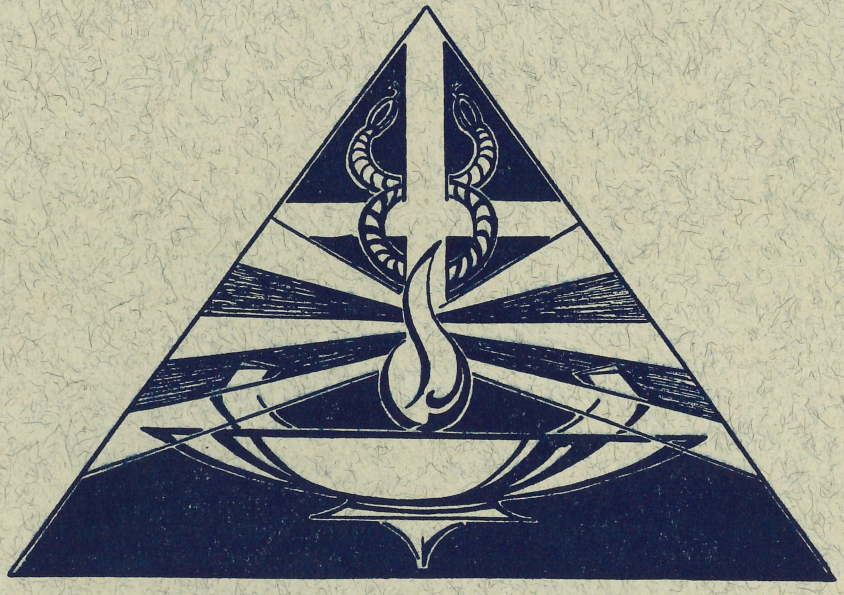
THE MEDICAL MISSIONARY



VOL. XIV NOVEMBER, 1940 NO. 9

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THE MEDICAL MISSIONARY

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Member of the Catholic Press Association

SISTER M. TIMOTHY, S.C.M.M.
Editor

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ACROSS THE PAGES. . . .

BISHOP CUSHING, Auxiliary Bishop of Boston and Diocesan Director of the Propagation of the Faith, presents a plan that steps aside for a moment from the pressure of "appeals" and knocks on the door of individual effort—through parish units.

SISTER STEPHANIE is a veteran now, in the Pindi Center Work. And did you know—that in her district, newborn babies must be passed through a big, brass tray with a hole in the middle?

". . . **IN GETTING** a leprosy patient to a colony, the emphasis should be placed on the care and regulated routine he will receive rather than on segregation only. Once this viewpoint has penetrated . . . it will be possible to exchange enforced segregation largely for the good of the commonweal for voluntary submission to treatment." Dr. Wijnen gives a brief survey of the *status quo* of the leper.

IF YOU ARE CURIOUS to know how *we* celebrated our birthday—Sister Francis will tell you all about it. *"Remember when?"*

SUPPLEMENTING the "New Dimension," a letter from Father Pinakatt is published, together with the picture of the five candidates for the Malabar Medical Missionaries.

IF YOU WERE a June graduate in India, you would be *Muburrak-ed*—and then you would have a party, in grand native style!

HOW DO MISSIONARIES spend their holidays? Sister Pauline spent one of hers, Thanksgiving, at the "Id" Fair. "Ten turns on the ferris wheel for a *pice*—"—and no music!

A New Dimension

One of the major joys of my trip round the world some years ago was meeting the number of priests and sisters indigenous to the countries we visited. My experience was that I felt at ease with them everywhere. They understood me and I understood them. My reverence for the priesthood was not in the least different because of hue and features, and my regard for the native sisterhoods was solidly established. Seeing is believing.

I had the privilege of meeting native priests in China, Japan and India. In Nanking a Chinese seminarian, who spoke fluent French, was our guide. A more well-informed, refined and kind gentleman I never hope to meet. He took us to a convent nearby where several middle-aged, genial looking sisters welcomed me. We could not understand the words we spoke to each other, but their friendly sentiments were clearly legible on their faces. Their garb was so simple—Chinese in style, and they wore little round caps on tops of their heads. Their quarters were as poor as those of the average Chinese family. In spite of the best will in the world, a Western missionary would consider this abject poverty and probably find the housing and food inadequate. The Chinese sisters, on the other hand, would not thrive on working and living conditions in lands of a high standard of living where a feverish activity has to be maintained to keep it at a high level.

In Japan I saw the combination of beauty, womanly modesty and simplicity, and spirituality, exemplified in two young ladies who devoted themselves to the victims of tuberculosis—a disease wide-spread and much dreaded in Japan. These young women, under the direction of a Japanese priest who was a doctor of medicine, were hoping to find companions. No doubt by now they have, as a veteran French priest in Japan told me that the Catholic girls want an outlet for their zeal. He also had a sanatorium, and to my inquiry as to who attended the patients, he answered that young ladies came and offered themselves of their own accord to work for the sick for the love of God and without any earthly reward.

NATIVE RELIGIOUS CONGREGATIONS

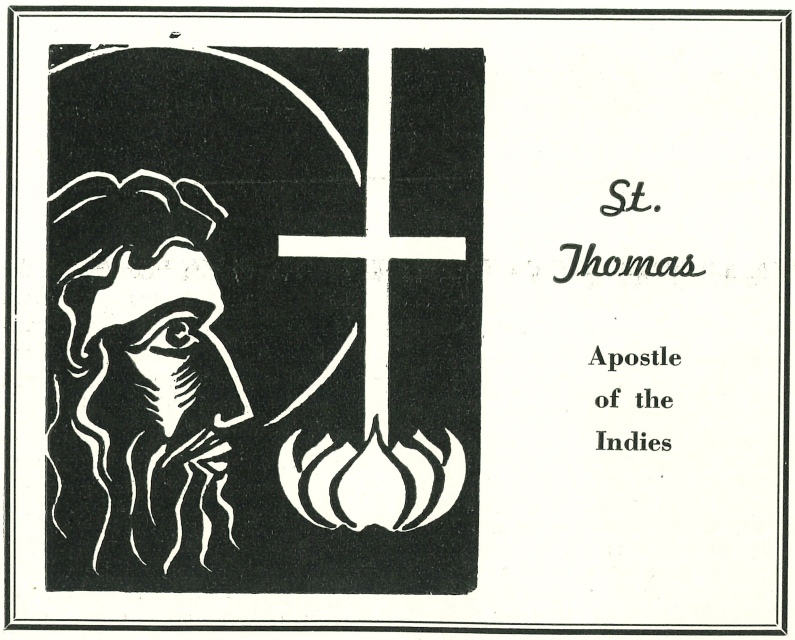
And since, for the organization of the Church in our regions, it is necessary, as We have already said, that you make use of the elements from which by Divine Providence, it is composed, you ought, as a consequence, consider as one of the principal duties of your office, the founding of native religious communities of both men and women. Should not these new followers of Christ, when they feel themselves drawn to a more perfect life, take the vows of religion? And on this point, the missioners and nuns who labor in your dioceses should not let themselves be prejudiced by a love of their congregation, although this love is right and legitimate in itself, but let them learn to view these things with a certain broadness of vision. Accordingly if there are any natives desirous of joining the older congregations, it certainly would not be right to discourage them, or to impede them from joining, provided they give signs of being able to acquire the spirit of these congregations, and of being able to establish in their own countries houses of the order, not unworthy of the congregation that they have joined; still let them ponder seriously and prayerfully the question whether it might not be more expedient to found new congregations such as may answer better the genius and character of the natives, and be more in keeping with the needs and spirit of the country. (from: Rerum Ecclesiae—Pope Pius XI —Exhortations to Vicars and Prefects Apostolic)

In Siam I stumbled on a huge novitiate of the "Lovers of the Cross." French nuns gave them their religious training. The postulants all had boyish bobs and the professed sisters wore a plain black dress and a simple black veil. The whole was a beehive of activity, as the sisters did everything from preparing for the teacher's certificate to milking the cows. I met them in one of their missions, where they looked after homeless children. The house was poor and the children not all frilled up and spotlessly clean, but they looked happy and the essentials were taken care of. The few sisters themselves did everything for the children. That strange something which is on the face of a good religious in any part of the world was on theirs, too.

In India, I met few Indian priests and sisters, not because they are not there, but because my work was in the far north where the Church is too new and weak to have given many sons and daughters. Of all mission countries, India has the highest number of native clergy and religious: 16 bishops, about 3,000 priests and double that number of sisters. The majority are from the south, where Christianity dates back to the Apostle, St. Thomas.

Pope Leo XIII, casting his glance on the multitudes of Hindustan, said: "Oh, India, thou wilt be saved by thy sons." He founded a Papal Seminary on the picturesque and healthful heights of the Ceylon hills in the old City of Kandy, and confided it to the Belgian Jesuits.

Pope Benedict XV also stressed the need of native priests: "Linked as he is by the bonds of origin, character, mentality and inclination to his compatriots, the native priest possesses extraordinary facilities for introducing the Faith into their minds and is endowed with powers of persuasion far superior to those of men of other nations. It thus frequently happens that he has suc-



cess where a foreign priest could not set foot."

Our late Holy Father, who had the spread of our holy Faith so much at heart, could not fail to be particularly solicitous to recommend to Vicars and Prefects Apostolic the urgency of a native clergy. He addressed them in unmistakable terms: "If you do not work with all your might to accomplish the building up of the native clergy, We maintain that your Apostolate will not only be crippled but it will prove an obstacle and an impediment for the establishment and organization of the Church in those countries. . . . Perhaps sufficient attention has never been paid to the method whereby the Gospel began to be propagated and the Church of God to be established all over the world. . . . What is the object of these holy missions, We ask, except that the Church of Christ be instituted and established in these boundless regions and by what means shall the Church be built up today, among the heathens, except from those elements out of which it was formerly built up among us, that is, unless it is composed of people and clergy and religious orders of men and women recruited from its own region. . . ."

When one circles the globe, one can be eye-witness that the wishes and commands of the Popes have borne fruit—but when one considers the millions of Asia and Africa still without the knowledge of the true Faith and the means of grace established by Our Lord through His Church, one automatically exclaims, "What is that for so many!"

New Bishop Is 16th India-Born Prelate

The Most Rev. Thomas Pothacamury, bishop of the newly erected diocese of Guntur, is the sixteenth native-born head of a diocese in India, Burma, and Ceylon.

Archbishop Ludwig Mathias of Madras paid a high tribute to the new bishop's many services to the Church as pastor and editor. His Excellency the Most Rev. Leon Kierkels, Apostolic Delegate to India, was the consecrator.—*N. C.*

It will be just one year ago next month that His Grace Archbishop Mathias, accompanied by Bishop Pothacamury, at that time Vicar General to the Archbishop, visited our Motherhouse in Philadelphia. We extend our congratulations to His Excellency!

What is mentioned about the native clergy applies in a different degree also to the native brothers and sisters. Most of the Indian sisterhoods are devoted to teaching or to the care of orphans, widows and the aged, or to the purely contemplative life—as yet comparatively few serve in the care of the sick.

It has been the good fortune of our Society, almost from the beginning, to train Indian girls and women in nursing. The last few years, our hospital in Rawalpindi has become a training center for Indian sisters. The courageous beginning was made by His Excellency, Bishop Timothy Crowley, C.S.C., of Dacca, who asked us to accept the Bengali Sisters, founded by the Sisters of the Holy Cross, in our training school. The Sisters had to leave home and go to a region of India which is as foreign in climate, language and food, as Mexico would be to us. They stood the test, were graduated—some with honors—and are laboring today among their own village people. Once the holy experiment worked, other communities followed. At present three different congregations have sisters in training. Our sisters find the native sisters apt and industrious pupils. They are devoted and conscientious, and good religious.

Last year Reverend Father Sebastian Pinakatt from Malabar, South India, confided to us his desire to help the sick in his part of the country. He asked us to undertake the foundation of Malabar Medical Mission Sisters. Owing to the youth of our Society, we hesitated to undertake such a responsible task, but as the request was pressed, we saw in it the will of God and trusting in the guidance of the Holy Ghost we accepted this spring the first candidates in our training school in Rawalpindi. The plan is that after their nurse's training and graduation, they will constitute the nucleus of a Malabar Branch of our Society. Father Pinakatt obtained the blessing of his Bishop and also that of the Apostolic Delegate.

As our readers share in our doings, may we ask them to follow this important project with special interest and above all by their prayers, that the Holy Ghost to Whom these aspirants have a special devotion, may bring it to a happy fulfillment.

ANNA DENGEL.

November Mission Intention

By

Most Rev. Richard J. Cushing, D.D.

For the Sacred Congregation of the Propagation of the Faith.

The Society for the Propagation of the Faith, like many great Catholic institutions, owes its origin to the zeal and initiative of the laity. A French lady, Pauline Jaricot, is known as the foundress. It was her system of collecting aid for the missions that was officially adopted as the Society's own on May 3, 1822. After a magnificent record of mission-aid, stretching over one hundred years, the Central Office of the Society was transferred by the great Missionary Pope, Pope Pius XI, from Lyons to Rome. It was organized, adopted as it were into Roman citizenship, and given charge of all the mission needs of the future. Today the Society represents the universal instrument in the hands of the Holy See for helping the poorest of the poor missions throughout the world.

The task confronting this organization is tremendous. The vast majority of missionary stations are dependent on outside help. It would be ideal if the Propagation of the Faith Society could gather the required support—but we are far, far away from the ideal! And yet, if every Catholic was enrolled and contributed only the minimum of one dollar a year, the solution of the task would be possible.

In recent years we have been departing from the traditional methods used in collecting funds for this Society. Instead of the faithful promoters who went from house to house gathering weekly or monthly membership alms, we have appeals, collections, and drives. The new methods are more far-reaching and modern but I love to think of the wonderful possibilities in the traditional ones. One of these possibilities is the formation of a branch of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith in every parish, or at least in every large parish, and the conducting of a monthly meeting, similar to the monthly meetings of other parochial societies. Let me elaborate a little on this idea.

The unit of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith is the Parish Branch. And the foundation of the Parish Branch is a well organized group of Promoters. Upon the diligence and zeal of these active workers depends the success of the Society. For, once the Society has been established in a parish, the promoters, under the guidance of the local director, carry on the work. They are, therefore, special benefactors of the missions; lay missionaries controlling the forces that are helping to support the apostolate of the Church.

The duties of a promoter are few and simple. They include the supervision of a band of at least ten associates who contribute the customary membership fee. This involves the collecting of dues, the circulating of mission literature among the associates and attendance at the monthly Promoters Meeting at which returns are made to the director. Many promoters take charge of a number of bands, keep alive the mission interest of hundreds of associates and perform a work of zeal that is one of the glories of the lay apostolate. There is a letter before the writer that comes from a veteran promoter of the Society who states that he hopes to have five hundred members before the close of the year. It is probable that most of these members would never continue as actively affiliated with the Society were it not for the service of this devoted individual. This is true of other bands. Hence, it is no exaggeration to say that the very soul and life blood of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith where it is organized in the traditional way, are the promoters, who month by month and year by year spend themselves to keep alive the interest of others.

Anything that will intensify the zeal of promoters or increase their numbers will naturally react to the benefit of a Parish Branch of the Society. Experience has proved that nothing can accomplish these ends better than regular monthly Promoters Meetings. These meetings can be held in one of two ways. They can be combined with some regular services, for example, the Holy Hour held on the First Friday of every month, or they can enjoy a distinct service to which members and promoters of the Society and the faithful in general are invited. The first way recommends itself to small parishes where the promoters are naturally few in number. They meet after the services, make their returns to the director and receive literature and other supplies necessary for their work. A talk, necessarily very brief, on some mission

topic can bring the meeting to a close. Such a talk could also be given during the course of the Holy Hour.

In larger parishes a separate monthly service for the Propagation of the Faith could easily be established. Besides keeping alive the enthusiasm of the promoters, it would make zeal for the missions more widespread, and organize not merely financial efforts, but prayerful hearts, and greatest of all—it would encourage missionary vocations. The services could be arranged as follows: Appropriate prayers for the missions and for missionary vocations, an instruction on some mission topic, Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament and finally the collection of the promoters' returns. All the parishioners could be invited to attend, and the story of the missions, at home and afar, could be presented in a way that will fill the parish with a true missionary spirit and redound to the benefit of parochial needs as well as to those of the Church in less fortunate parts.

Properly conducted, this monthly service would attract large congregations. A month seldom passes that a missionary from some neglected section of our own country or from some foreign land is not in our midst. From time to time one of these missionaries could be invited to speak at the services. At various intervals the meeting could be held in the parish hall where an illustrated lecture could be given or mission motion pictures exhibited.

Despite the great progress of the mission spirit in our land, the fact remains that what has been accomplished is the work of the chosen few. For the many, the missions at our very doors and those in pagan lands are still an unknown phase of the life of the Church. How remedy the situation? Propaganda from the pulpit and the press appear as forceful means. But neither will ever develop an intelligent appreciation of the problem. A missionary presenting his message before Sunday congregations naturally portrays the particular field or the special work in which he is interested. His presentation usually takes the form of an appeal for help. The faithful listen attentively, they contribute—but this is not training a missionary people. Mission literature accomplishes by the printed word what the missionary himself accomplishes from the pulpit. But one would be obliged to subscribe to a score of mission magazines to grasp the status of our home and foreign missions.

It seems that one efficacious way of making more and more of the Faithful mission-conscious is to conduct in every parish, where it is possible, a special monthly service of the local branch of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith.

This and That

Excerpts from Sister M. Cecilia's letters written during her vacation in the Murree hills.

Just now here in Murree it is misty and damp. Sister Virginia and I travelled up from Patna in time for retreat. We shall return very soon to "re-attach" ourselves to the monsoon of Dacca, which had started before we left. The journey up is not like Western travel (an air-conditioned pullman), but with due precautions, one finds it fairly agreeable. The necessities of life are carried with one (the variety of things considered necessary by the Indians is truly surprising).

The train from Dacca left about noon and we were alone in the compartment for almost an hour, then changed to a river steamer for about eight hours. The scenery is just the kind one sees in pictures—palm trees of every variety, and huts of mud or bamboo tucked away between them. Unfortunately, the crocodiles had gone to bed!

The next change was at Goalunds, where the coolies nearly break their necks — and yours — when dashing onto the boat to collect baggage. We arrived in Calcutta about 6 a. m., put our baggage in the waiting room and told the *ayia* in our best Bengali that we would return in an hour or two. Then we were fortunate enough to arrive at a nearby Jesuit Church in time for Mass. The next stage was to Patna, where we alighted and called at the new Holy Family Hospital, which has truly a humble beginning—the most imposing thing there is the old Cathedral.

You would enjoy being here (Murree), I am sure. The house is as far, or farther, from civilization as the house in Brookland, so we sit on the rocks or on the grass under the shade (?) of pine trees, and only think of moving at mealtime.

It is really beautiful and cool—7,000 feet above sea level! Soon we shall be making the 1,500-mile return journey to Dacca (*via* Patna). The difference in the people is most striking—the Bengalis are largely Hindu, and the people around Pindi Mohammedan. The Hindus wear *saris* and the Mohammedan women loose jumpers, wide pants and, of course, *burkahs*. These last, too, are bigger, on the whole.

The houses of our Society in India are so different, it's nice to do a "round." Ramna is just a residence and chapel; Mitford is a biggish hospital and we have about five rooms (with chapel); Patna is a *miniature* hospital; Pindi you have heard of often enough, and Murree is an old house and chapel right on the top of a steep hill surrounded with rocks and pine trees, so there is seclusion and relaxation to our heart's content.

We have been persuaded to attend a picnic by the banks of the Ganges on our return through Patna. The river bank is the only place you can get a breeze and, too, you can watch the Hindus taking their baths in the sacred river or sacrificing to the gods.

Center Work in Pindi

By

Sister M. Stephanie, S.C.M.M., R.N.

You know, by now, that we have changed our Center headquarters to a more suitable place. The new Center is quite an improvement, both as to building and location. The house owner lives on the first floor and looks after things with a real interest. I am saved a lot of trouble by this arrangement—in the old place the youngsters actually carried off the bricks and broke down the chimney!

The Center is open daily from 8 to 10 or from 10 to 12, depending upon the season, and between those hours only emergency home calls are taken. It is after "Center hours" that we do our "home visiting."

Rawalpindi has really improved a lot as regards home surroundings, cleanliness, living conditions, etc. Of course, you find some poor, poor homes—and dirty ones, too!—but on the whole they are not too bad. And when one begins to grasp the points of view and trends of thought which lie at the base of these conditions, one is inclined to be, at the least, tolerant. After all, to these people everything in connection with the arrival of a baby in the family is considered as unclean, so why clean up before hand?

This idea of the "unclean" is most strong among the Hindus. Not long ago I went to visit a Hindu patient, and I was told that on no condition might I touch her: That would have meant defilement and she would have had to take a ceremonial bath—so we just had a talk, back to back! Three days later I went to the same home with the doctor. The baby had been born in the meantime, so that this time we were permitted to examine her as thoroughly as we wished! This strict regard for the code of the "clean and unclean" is probably one reason why so few of our Center patients are Hindus.

The general improvement is most obvious among the sweepers. Their houses are whitewashed about twice a year now. Many of them are spotlessly clean and tidy, although whole families continue to live in a single room. The sweeper children even go to school—I cannot vouch for how much of the "arts" they have absorbed, but I do know that they have learned to wash their faces and hands. It is true you may be able to see just how far the libations have penetrated, especially in the cold weather, but waterline or no waterline, it is a big improvement. Some of the older girls take a real pride in keeping their small brothers and sisters beautifully clean.

The diet of these poor people is plain, but good: *chappattees* (native bread) and curry, well prepared, and a lot of *ghee* (clarified butter). All of the cooking is done outside the homes in the little courtyard.

I have now at the Center seven trained *dhais* (native midwives), five of whom are officially registered in the Punjab. They really do very good work, though some of them are villians! I remember especially Lakshmi. The first time I went out with her, she was so—well, literally—*filthy*, that I could not look at her; today she is one of the best of the group, at least as far as cleanliness is concerned. After she finishes with a case she returns to her home and bathes in *lysol water!* By night she may have changed again. Two or three changes are nothing for her—which is no mean record. Moreover, the patients seem to like her.

In December we are planning to have a baby show. That means all the babies delivered during the current year by the *dhais* here at the Center will be invited. The one which shows the best care will get a prize—but I will have to have a present for every one of those who attend, or I am afraid they would not come! That means a lot of work—and funds are rather low—but we keep busy, and already quite a number of baby clothes have been prepared.

"Home Visiting." Note the cow-dung cakes in the foreground. These are gathered and dried and used as fuel.

Giving The Leper A Chance

By
ELISE WIJNIN, S.C.M.M., M.D.

TIME was, when to be stricken with leprosy was tantamount to being given a life sentence. Those of its unfortunate victims who were forced to enter leper colonies or asylums might well agree with the sign written above Dante's Inferno: "Give up all hope, ye who enter here." When Father Damien went into voluntary exile on Molokai in 1873, he had no hope of sending away any of his patients, cured: His first consideration was to give them the supernatural viewpoint which would make their lives bearable. He soon discovered, however, that decent food and lodgings were indispensable to his charges, and for the rest of his mortal life he fought and labored to obtain for his lepers the necessary means of subsistence. In this way, purely out of common sense and out of the goodness of his heart, he stumbled upon the most important item in the treatment of leprosy, that of adequate diet and sanitary living conditions.

Much has happened in the world of scientific discovery since those early days. Many diseases, such as diabetes and pernicious anemia, which were considered incurable fifty years ago, can now be controlled adequately. The hopeless and helpless attitude regarding many other plagues of mankind has been changed to one of optimism and active treatment—witness the difference in the approach towards tuberculosis, diphtheria, pneumonia, and most of all, leprosy. The old-style leper colony, in which the inmates were segregated to protect the rest of the population and could receive no more than simple nursing care and palliative treatment, has made way for regular hospitals and sanitoriums where active and intensive treatment is carried out with a gratifying measure of success.

Now, it must not be thought that anything like a panacea or a specific and infallible cure for leprosy has been discovered. It is true that great benefits have resulted from the use of chaulmoogra oil and its derivatives, but this is by no means infallible and probably not even specific. First and foremost come the balanced diet, the clean surroundings and careful routine of rest and light exercise. This together with an optimistic attitude can do a great deal towards alleviating the disease, and without these fundamentals, injections of all kinds of medicine are apt to be futile. This is the reason why, in getting a leprosy patient to a colony, the emphasis should be placed on the care and regulated routine he will receive rather than on segregation only. Once this viewpoint has penetrated the popular mind, it will be possible to exchange enforced segregation largely for the good of the commonweal, for voluntary submission to treatment.

Little Mary was admitted to our Edson hospital in a very critical condition. An operation was performed and for a time there was slight hope of her recovery. At present, however, she is looking better, and there is every indication that she will soon be quite well.

One of the Sisters, when speaking to her of the Love of God for us and how we should love Him in return, asked her if she ever told God that she loved Him.

"I'm never there," said Mary.

"Where?" queried Sister.

"Where God is—up in heaven."

And then, of course, Sister explained to her that God is everywhere and very close to everyone.

It is curious to note how much the management of a leprosy resembles that of tuberculosis. Everyone knows that diet, rest, graduated exercise, happy and clean surroundings, are essential in the treatment of tuberculosis. They are just as important in leprosy. In fact, our tuberculosis sanitoriums are excellent models, with due regard to differences in climate and the customs of the people, for the modern leper colonies. Picture to yourself a small village, in its center a cluster of substantial buildings, consisting of a chapel, a hospital and living quarters for doctors and nurses. Around this "power house" lie the cottages, small but clean, airy and as attractive as native ingenuity can make them. The hospital is for the totally crippled, the ill and the dying patients. All the other lepers live in homes, which they care for and keep clean themselves. Under ideal circumstances, such as in the Philippine colony, Culion, the family is kept intact whenever possible. Only the newborn babies are removed to non-infectious quarters.

The management of leprosy has one great advantage over that of tuberculosis: it does not require prolonged and absolute bed-rest. On the contrary, light work is essential for leprous patients to prevent the contractures which follow involvement of the nerves, so common in this disease. Under favorable conditions it is possible to make the lepers partially self-supporting, excluding, of course, those in the advanced stages. Housework, garden-

ing, home industries such as weaving, basket making, carpentry—all are eminently suited to keep the patients happy, occupied, useful and satisfied. Next to the consolations of religion, work is the most important factor in warding off despair.

On this basic structure of clean and healthy living conditions must then be built the specific treatment indicated in each reasonably early case. Little can be done for the old, so-called "burnt-out" cases. These are usually emaciated and helpless cripples, non-infectious but suffering from the ravages of the disease in paralyzed or contracted limbs, missing toes, fingers and nose, and general debility. They are the pitiful victims of ignorance and neglect. But those who come for treatment early—and as popular education progresses more and more of them will come early—can often be cured within two years. The word "cure" is a dangerous one in leprosy, as it is in tuberculosis. It should rather be said that the disease is arrested, which means that the patient is not infectious, has no symptoms of illness and for a stated period of time (usually six months or a year) has shown no signs of progress of the disease. He is then returned to civilization with safety but must report for regular check-ups for a long time, just as the tuberculous patient. Relapses are always possible.

The treatment of leprosy with chaulmoogra oil has a most interesting, if legendary, background. An ancient story tells of a young Burmese prince who was stricken with leprosy. In fear and horror his people turned against him and drove him into exile. With a handful of followers he fled into the woods of Burma. Tortured by the malady and desperate with hunger he found a tree bearing a huge green nut. To his delighted surprise he discovered this food to be beneficial to his illness, and eventually he returned to his throne, cured.

This young prince must have been very hungry indeed, or else very courageous, for the chaulmoogra oil is extremely nauseating. When Dr. Heiser, of *An American Doctor's Odyssey* fame, first tried this treatment on his lepers in Culion, the poor patients would say: "Doctor, I'd rather have leprosy than take another dose!" Dr. Heiser describes how dozens of methods were tried in order to administer the drug without this drawback. Finally a combination of chaulmoogra and camphor with resorcin was hit upon. This proved readily absorbable when injected under the skin and after a year of treatment a number of cases became negative. Imagine the thrill which these doctors received when, for the first time in history, they saw these lepers actually improving under their hands—saw eyebrows beginning a grow back in again and sensation returning to paralyzed limbs! For two years these "cures" were observed before they were pronounced safe and returned to their families.

As is usual in medicine, when the first flush of enthusiasm died down, it was found that success in the treatment of leprosy depended not only on the drug but on careful selection of patients, long continued therapy and healthy surroundings. The ideal cases are the children and young adults who have not had the disease more than four or five years and who are in good physical condition. Of these about twenty-five per cent can be paroled in a few years.

Many other remedies have been and are being tried out all over the Orient, and some of the finest intellects in medicine are devoting themselves to this research. Theory, as always, is miles ahead of practice. In India alone there are about a million people suffering from leprosy. At present in all the institutions throughout India where leprous patients can be isolated there is room for only some five or six thousand. To segregate them all would be a financial impossibility. A great deal can be done by leprosy clinics, where the emphasis is put on treatment. It will take a tremendous amount of work and money to bring the benefits of modern science to the millions of lepers. But hope has been kindled in the hearts of the hopeless, and the change in their attitude is no less than miraculous.

Watching the doctor on his daily rounds, Mary reached the conclusion that he must be almost like God because, as she said, he can help and cure the sick. When Sister told her it was God who helped the doctor to do all these things, the dear child exclaimed heartily, "*O God, I loves You!*"—*The Field at Home (Sisters of Service).*

R. I. P.

Please pray for the repose of the souls of:

Rev. P. E. Conroy, Washington, D. C.

Mother Therese Dikovitch, R.S.C.J., Kenwood, Albany, N. Y. (who gave us our first altar in Washington, D. C.)

Sister M. Aimee Parrish, Baden, Pa.

Sister M. Celestine Wall, West Hartford, Conn.

Sister M. Catherine Shanley, West Hartford, Conn.

Mrs. Hemler, Harrisburg, Pa.

Dr. John F. Lynch, Hartford, Conn.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord: and let perpetual light shine upon them. May the souls of all the faithful departed through the mercy of God rest in peace. Amen.

Remember When?

By

SISTER M. FRANCIS, S.C.M.M.

There are probably few words that breathe so much of the atmosphere of fellowship, of joys and sorrows shared as the word, "remember." No matter what one's age there are always memories, and the joy of recalling them is not possessed by old age alone.

Fifteen years is a short span. At fifteen one is much more inclined, with the buoyancy and zest of youth, to look forward rather than backward, to dream dreams of times to come and to work hard to make the vision come true.

Young we are—fifteen our last birthday, September 30. The memories of past birthdays, our first, our tenth, are still vivid to those who kept them. This year the sisters who are too young to have known them, had the pleasure of children who cluster about their mother's knee to hear her tell of the days "when mother was a little girl."

Bright and early Monday morning, September 30, we sang the High Mass in gratitude to God whose loving protection had brought us to this happy day. The gloominess of the weather had no power to dampen the glad *Te Deum*. In the afternoon, the Reverend Francis Goodall, C.S.C., arrived and wished us a "Happy Birthday." Some of us met him for the first time, but "the elders" recalled the days in the Society's first house on Newton Street, when, rain or shine, Father, then a newly ordained priest, came to give them their first lessons in religious life.

We were happy he came to spend a few days, for no one was better able than he to give us the religious conferences of the three days of joyous recollection of old times. As an old friend of the Society who has watched us grow and who has worked as a missionary with our sisters in Dacca, he knows us very well. He delighted us with the remark that "the lining of his Holy Cross cape was a Medical Mission grey."

"Gaze on the world and on the harvest of souls, everywhere so fair to see, but over it sweeping conquering waves, the tempest of battles, of destruction, of suffering, of countless human sorrows. Behold how many messengers of the gospel, how many men and women, heroes of Christ, workers in his vineyard, are toiling and suffering amid the destruction and the suffering, amid the dangers and the obstacles, amid the privations and the destitution that chill the ardor of their zeal and put stumbling blocks in the paths of their holy and charitable ambition."

". . . put forward the good work begun, to rebuild what has been damaged and destroyed, to reassure the faint-hearted and discouraged, to multiply the scant resources, to sustain, to increase and advance the holy missionary movement towards the ultimate triumph of that kingdom of God on earth which is the subject of our day's petition to the Heavenly Father in that prayer taught us by Christ, 'Thy kingdom come.'

"It is the kingdom of peace between our souls and God; it is the kingdom of peace between brothers founded on mutual affection, or peace between the peoples and nations of the world, based on the equitable adjustment of differences and the union that comes with the right order."

From the address of His Holiness, Pope Pius XII, to the American Catholics on Mission Sunday, October 20, 1940.

The walls of the boathouse porch formed our exhibit hall, where the pictures were hung in groups to portray a particular phase of our brief history. These words expressed the keynote: "To compassionate and serve faithfully in joy." Below the motto, and in a central niche, was placed a large poster of Our Lady as CAUSE OF OUR JOY. Standing upon the world, crushing the serpent under her feet, Our Lady was portrayed holding the Divine Child out to the nations. The fact that the figures were shown in silhouette with little detail, was expressive of the darkness of the mission countries where the Christian Faith is known by such a small percentage of the population.

On each side of the poster were pictures relating the history of the Society—most of them snapshots. Like all histories, they began with the "pre-historic" days. Presented under the caption "For one soweth, another reapeth," were the pictures of Monsignor D. Wagner and Dr. Agnes McLaren, the founders of St. Catherine's Hospital in Rawalpindi, where Dr. Dengel worked as a lay doctor until 1924.

Another group introduced to us the many old friends of the Society, religious and lay. Among these was Archbishop Michael J. Curley, who allowed us to start in his Diocese. The Reverend Michael A. Mathis, C.S.C., who aided Dr. Dengel in the founding of the Society, naturally occupied the most prominent place among the Holy Cross priests and sisters who have contributed so much.

One of the most interesting series of pictures was the first house on Newton Street, and the first four

members at their daily chores. Pictures of the houses in England and Holland and, last, but not least, the current Philadelphia history, even to the house His Eminence, Cardinal Dougherty, gave us at Sea Isle, completed one-half of the exhibit.

But, "there's something about the Missions." We love our houses here and in Europe but the mission houses have a special place all their own. A missionary, home for awhile, expressed his longing to return by saying, "I couldn't rest in an American grave." Perhaps it is that we at home have had our first attack of that same longing.

The pictures of Holy Family Hospital in Rawalpindi, evolving gradually from a rather small 20-bed hospital in a barren waste with no trees or grass, to the 60-bed, shaded brick building of today with its cool verandas, vividly showed us the blessing of God. The snapshots of the interior, of the patients, of the babies, were too few to satisfy us, though at the same time they demonstrated the need for the new 100-bed hospital which we hope to build as soon as possible. The work at Dacca, in the hospital and at the Maternity and Child-Welfare Centers, also claimed its share of our attention. Tiny Holy Family Hospital at Patna, situated in a borrowed building, took us back to the early days of 'Pindi, and bade us look ahead eagerly to the next fifteen years.

The Press Exhibit which showed the development of our magazine, THE MEDICAL MISSIONARY, the literature devoted to making the Society known, and some of the work done by our own Medical Mission Press in Washington, D. C., followed the Mission Section. Strangely enough it welded the whole into a circle by joining hands with the prehistorical days. It repeated so plainly the refrain that "there is one who sows and one who reaps," . . . that while most of the sisters will sail across the seas to taste the fullness of their vocation, a few must be content to work at home behind the lines.

The novitiate supplied the program of one day; two plays and a debate formed their contribution. Naturally one play dealt with an incident in the life of a Medical Missionary in India. The other presented in an amusing way vital statistics of Africa, where our next mission is promised. The debate, "Resolved: That the missionary should use the accommodation method in dealing with African women," was won by the affirmative side—such was the decision of the audience.

The special days of gratitude came to an end on the Feast of the Little Flower, Patroness of Missionaries. It was right it should be so, since she has shown especial interest in the Medical Missionaries. The first draft of our Constitutions was completed on May 17, 1925, the day of her canonization and she was chosen as one of our patronesses. Our first day of community life was the following September 30, which was her first feast day as a Saint. Our property in Philadelphia was found on her feast day of October 3, 1938, late in the afternoon, just when the hope of obtaining a really suitable site for a motherhouse was gone.

His Eminence Cardinal Dougherty graciously came to view the pictures of our work on the afternoon of October 3. A devoted client of the Little Flower himself, he spent some time in telling us of his experiences of her powerful intercession and in describing his visit to Lisieux. A short tribute and hymn to the Little Flower, His Eminence's blessing and the precious three days themselves became history.

Now when we set again to the task of making history we earnestly ask our friends, old and new, to say with us, "Our Lady, Cause of Our Joy, pray for us that we may compassionate and serve faithfully in joy."

The Medical

Missionary

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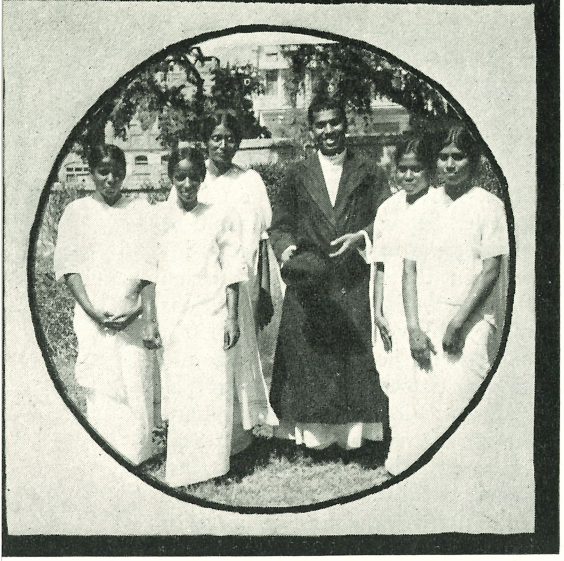


Father Pinakatt and the five candidates.

Dream Come True

Native Indian Medical Missionaries To-Be

In March, 1939, there was printed in THE MEDICAL MISSIONARY a letter from a native Indian priest of Travancore, South India, Father Sebastian Pinakatt. It was a plea for help—medical help—for his people. "My heart is always moved to pity by the sight of the poor sick and their pitiful cries around me," he wrote, after giving a vivid description of the inroads disease and infant and maternal mortality were making. And then he continued:

"Wholeheartedly I am now engaged to begin a hospital and maternity center. I have no means at my disposal, but I rely on charity. . . . I must buy a good site, erect buildings, provide materials and medicines, and, above all, persons qualified for the work.

"I have begun a miniature dispensary . . . though I fear within a few days my stock of medicines, etc., will be exhausted (from 60 to 130 patients flock here daily), and it is conducted in a small house without the necessary provision for a dispensary.

"Also, some five young ladies have volunteered themselves to spend their lives in service of the sick and afflicted. The formation of a native sisterhood on the lines of the Catholic Medical Missionary Sisters of Washington is a pressing need, when we view the present unrest and the daily changing socio-political situations. Vocations are plentiful, but they are to be prepared and made fit. . . . "

Father Pinakatt persevered in his "dream" of a native Indian community of Medical Missionaries. On the eve of Trinity Sunday he arrived at Holy Family Hospital in Rawalpindi, with five proteges, ready to begin their training as religious and as nurses, and wrote the following letter to Dr. Dengel:

My dear Reverend Mother:

On the day of Pentecost, May 12, I started with five girls, receiving the blessing from His Excellency, Bishop Kalacherry, and reached here safe and sound on the 18th. It was a long and tedious journey, but we did not feel it so much. At Madras, at the Holy Tomb of St. Thomas, our dear Apostle, who converted our forefathers, I offered Mass on the site, and all the girls received Communion, and we offered ourselves to follow the Apostle's footsteps and work for the glory of Our Lord and for the salvation of India. Rt. Rev. Msgr. P. Thomas, Bishop-Elect of Guntur, whom you know well, welcomed us in his house and was very glad to know the venture we take, to form an Indian branch of your Congregation. To use his own words, he said: "The scheme is marvelous and sure to produce great fruit in the missions."

Dear Mother, you asked me to take six girls. There were about twenty applications, but for one reason or another, I had to keep many back. As is natural to any new venture, I had to meet many difficulties also on the way. In the words of Bishop Kalacherry, there are five wounds of Our Lord. They are to be the seed of our Institute.

Rt. Rev. Msgr. O'Donohoe and all the Fathers here gave me a hearty welcome and give every convenience for my comfortable stay here. I intend to go back on the 26th. I hope I will have the great consolation to hear from you when I reach home. I convey the humble regards and loving respects of my dear children in the Holy Family Hospital, with my hearty blessing and prayers.

I am yours in Christ,
(Signed) FR. S. PINAKATT.

P. S.—The following is a copy of the letter of His Excellency's Delegate Apostolic:

Dear Reverend Father:

It gives me great pleasure to forward to you the inclosed check sent by His Eminence, Cardinal Mae Rury, to "Father S. Pinakatt, to help him to meet the expenses of his projected Medical Mission; which I look upon as a great work of charity capable of doing great things for God and for the suffering poor of India." I am sure His Eminence's kind words even more than his generous offering will be a great encouragement to you.

I am in receipt of your letter of the 15th, and I am happy to learn that your enterprise will soon make an important step further. Most cordially I second the encouragements you are receiving from your own Bishop and other prelates, and I send a cordial blessing and best wishes to the candidates going to Rawalpindi for training.

With cordial greetings and blessings, I remain,

Yours devotedly,
(Signed) P. KIERKELS, C.P.,
Delegate Apostolic.

N. B.—I wish to send a second group after some time if possible—perhaps in September. I hope to hear from you.

Graduates — 1940

Celebrating Indian Style

By

Sister Alma Julia, S.C.M.M., Ph.G.

Sister M. Stephanie, S.C.M.M., R.N., and her class of *dhais*, who passed their government examinations.

Five of the *dhais* (native midwives) whom Sister Stephanie trained at the Center took their final examinations—and passed. That means official recognition in the Punjab. And when you consider that these women can neither read or write, but must learn everything from what is told them orally, and from demonstration, you begin to understand why passing the examinations is such a big event.

It is a big thing already when you have taught them to scrub their hands at the proper time. (I think I told you of the *dhai* who went on a case with Sister Stephanie and me. She "scrubbed" conscientiously enough, with perfect technique—and then proceeded to pick up a gunny sack, spattered with cow dung and all sorts of dirt, from the floor. "Nurse!" Sister Stephanie could not help calling out. "Your hands!" The "nurse" turned to her with guileless face, held up the offending members, and said sweetly: "It is all right, Sister. See —they are still clean!"

But they had learned much more than just to "scrub." They had learned enough to measure up to the government requirements. And that, all agreed, was worthy of a celebration!

The party was to be at the Center, and Sister Camillus and I were invited to be present with Sister Stephanie. The five *dhais* were present, of course, and the remainder of the guests—about fifty in all—were the relatives and friends of the graduates. The "party" proceeded Indian fashion. It went something like this:

Weddings and bands go hand in hand here in Pindi—and the wealthier the people, the bigger the band. But some of the tunes you hear are surprising. The other day a wedding procession went by with the band playing full blast: "It's a Long Way to Tipperary." The only way I can explain it is on the supposition that many of these men learned their instruments when in the army, and thus picked up the army tunes. Perhaps that is why, also, so many of the men play bagpipes—probably a Scottish regiment was stationed here and left or sold the instruments. . . . There come a bride and groom down the street now, in front of them three men (Indians everyone) playing bagpipes with all their might and main, and as nearly as I can figure out, the tune is "The Bluebells of Scotland."—*Sister Alma Julia, Rawalpindi.*

First the *dhai* would come in, accompanied by a younger sister, who bore a tray with garlands. When they reached the place where Sister Stephanie was sitting, they stopped, the *dhai* took the tray, and the little sister put the garlands around Sister Stephanie's neck. Then the *dhai's* mother followed with a tray of fruit or sweets, which were put aside until later.

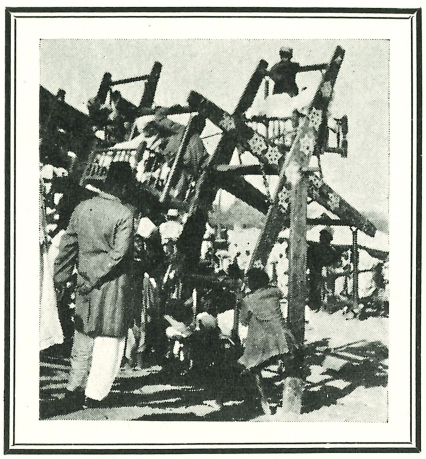
During all this there was much "*Mubarrak*-ing." *Mubarrak* really means "blessed," but here they use it very much as we would say, "Congratulations." Sister Stephanie came in for all sorts of "*Mubarraks*," and of course we, in turn, "*Mubarrak-ed*" the five who had passed.

After a while Sister Camillus and I began to sing some American songs, clapping time with our hands, very much as they do. I don't know whether or not they liked them, but it did give them an idea. They began to sing and dance, Punjabi style.

For music, one of them took a *serai* (earthenware bowl in which they carry water), and beat over the mouth of it with one hand, making the alternate beat on the side with the other hand, a ring on the player's finger making the noise. It was a sort of drum effect. The rest sang, clapping their hands softly to mark the time. It was really enjoyable.

We had brought a victrola, too, with some records, but here again I do not think they cared very much for our music. So two of them went off for some Hindustani and Punjabi records. They made more noise, and the enjoyment seemed to rise perceptibly!

Then there were the refreshments —the trays of fruit and sweets—and the party was over!



Thanksgiving Day at the "Id" Fair

By

SISTER M. PAULINE, S.C.M.M., R.N.

Our first Thanksgiving day in India was not only *our* "Thanksgiving Day," but also the Mohammedan *Id*, the feast which terminates the *Roza* (their month of fasting). So from early morning the bands were playing, and a holiday atmosphere prevailed everywhere.

It was while we were at lunch that a kind benefactor paid us a visit and left us a ten-rupee note (about $3.50) so that "we might celebrate our holiday properly!" Someone happily suggested that we get a tonga and drive down around the Fair grounds to see the Indian mode of celebration, and no sooner said than done! In a short time we were on our way.

It seemed that *everyone* was on holiday parade. The men sat outside with their new starched *pugris* of many colors fluttering in the breeze, while they played cards, or smoked their hookahs (native pipes) or drank tea. (The *pugri* is a sort of scarf which the Hindu men wind about their heads as a headdress.) Women and children passed in beautiful new *saris* (the garment of Hindu women) of deep blue, or yellow or rose, trimmed with shining gold or silver. Even babies in the arms of mothers who were swathed in burkas (the sheet-like all-enveloping covering which Mohammedan women wear when they go outside their own homes) had their new, bright colored "high hats" on. Tongas filled with laughing families met us on the way—and even the horses were decked with bright flowers!

The Fair itself was held in an old sacrificial tank. It was like an arena, with steps going down on all sides—and how fascinating it was to see the shifting, joyous crowd: a bit of blue gleaming here, an orange turban bobbing up there, a crimson suit emerging into the patchwork only to disappear again—everywhere color, music, talking, laughing, the shouting of wares, the droning of beggars.

One of the sisters came back from the railroad station here in Pindi with this story: As the train drew to a stop an Indian lady was seen to lean out of one of the carriage windows, and with much vigor and gesticulation, call to the *pani walla* (water seller). When he had arrived, she proceeded to take out her teeth (both upper and lower sets) which she held in her hands while the *walla* poured water over them. Having cleaned them to her satisfaction, she replaced them, and then, holding her hands up to her mouth, asked the man to pour water into them. So there she was, hanging out of the car window, with the *walla* pouring water down over her face, over her glasses, and into her hands, while she finished her ablutions! There is no such thing as Emily Post in India.—*Sister M. Pauline, Rawalpindi.*

A band in scarlet uniforms passes with much noise—mostly brass. Over there a bullock is treading in a continuous circle, crushing the juice from the sugar cane: gaiety in drudgery—for he is covered with garlands of marigolds. Here are two Tibetan boys, holding the spectators (and ourselves among them) spellbound as they perform their almost superhuman acrobatic feats. Curious spectators, these! They are obviously awed, yet never express either approval or disapproval with the usual hand-clapping! Farther on a big brown bear is dancing to the strange monotonous chant of his master.

At every turn and corner there is cooking in progress. Chappattees (native bread) of all sizes are being flattened out and fried. Curry and other Indian foods are in the process of preparation. And as for sweets—! It has been said that the population has a sweet tooth of perfectly preposterous size, and the sights about certainly seem to confirm this. Right in front of us sweets of all colors and descriptions are being lifted out of sizzling *ghee* (clarified butter), placed dexterously on a piece of newspaper and handed directly to the customer. Another vendor is spinning sugar into a lovely pink fluff and tossing it on the newspaper that is being held out in eager hands. Here we have the "pop-corn *wallah* (vendor)"—the corn is stirred in a large pan with a bundle of twigs, and as the people pass, they throw a coin on the mud counter and hold out a portion of their raiment to catch a handful of crispy, hot white stuff, which they munch contentedly as they go on their way.

And what is this? A merry-go-round! But no music—and no motor. It is turned by hand, and this one is loaded almost beyond its capacity with children. There is a ferris-wheel, too, also turned by hand—and vying with the merry-go-round for popularity. It groans and creaks as the overcrowded baskets of laughing passengers swing into the air!

The gay holiday spirit seemed to permeate everyone, everything, everywhere—it was contagious. Most of the crowd was made up of fathers with their children, the mothers, for the most part, remaining at home. The children were beside themselves with delight: There were stalls with toys of all descriptions—balloons, gaudy plaster gods and goddesses, birds and animals of all shapes, colors and sizes, paper flowers, and almost everything one could imagine. One little fellow was sitting on the ground having a "gold tooth" put on one of his front teeth, much to the intense interest of bystanders, while his companion sat next to him and had a half-moon tattooed on the back of his hand for the payment of a *pice* (about half a cent). Others sat proudly in front of a gay scenic screen as the photographer arranged turban or *pugri* and snapped the picture. A snake charmer fascinated his audience with the antics of his little "pet" in a bowl, and the *hakeem* (native doctor of the old school), seated on a mat surrounded with an assortment of fish skeletons, snake skins, alligator hides and a great variety of bottles, sold small vials of liquids to be taken for this pain or that ailment, giving with each sale a discourse on diet or some such subject.

Many children—dispensary patients—ran up to us, proud and happy to be able to show off their new clothes and toys. There were greetings from many grown-ups, too, as we passed.

All this is only a tiny corner of what we saw, and heard, and smelled—and *learned*. I think we gained more knowledge in those few hours than we ever could have learned from books. Nor was it all confined to touch, sight, hearing and smell. That evening our cooks and bearers brought in two large trays of all kinds of lovely Mohammedan sweets and cakes—a perfect ending to a perfect day!

Born: Twin Girls

I

Sister Stephanie was called out on a case last night—twin girls were born. Some of the fathers do not welcome even one daughter. I wonder what this man said when he was presented with two?—*Dr. Helen Lalinsky, Pindi.*

II

It was our pastor who told us that twin girls had been born in the parish recently. Quite an event for the parish! Sister Margaret Mary at once sent little layettes over for the newcomers. We were all quite excited, though there was a little unexpressed sorrow, too—you know how useless girls are in India, and here were two of them descending at once upon the poor parents. Now if it had been boys! . . .

Then yesterday while Sister Bernadette and I were out together, we met a couple of catechists from the church. Almost their first question was, "Have you seen the twins?" No, we hadn't, for we didn't know where they lived.

It happened that we had just passed the house, so the catechists turned us around and led us into a neat and clean little Christian home. We were welcomed by a beaming family, and the babies were at once put into our arms.

"But they are boys!" I exclaimed, and wondered if we had, by chance, run into the wrong twins.

But no, we were in the right house, we had the right family and the right twins. They had just given it out that the newcomers were girls rather than boys as a sort of protective measure—a shadow of the superstitions of former days.

One of the babies in the nursery had the hiccoughs. When I showed concern, the "native sister" tried to reassure me. "We say," she told me, "that when a baby has hiccoughs, that is a sign it is growing."—*Sister Alma Julia, Rawalpindi.*

It seems that sometimes when even one boy is born, they give him a girl's name, at least temporarily, and dress him like a girl, too, to "fool" the gods or evil spirits, or someone who might be jealous. Now, here was a family which had the great fortune to have not just one, but *two* boys! That was too good to be true! They would scarcely dare to let anyone know of such a blessing for fear some harm might befall them or the babies. And so the news was started around: Born—*twin girls!*

They say that for the same reason most of the Hindu or Sikh mothers do not prepare any clothes before the baby arrives—if they got ready beforehand, the child might die or be afflicted in some way.

The only thing I do not entirely understand is just whom they are trying to deceive—a god, or an evil spirit. Anyway, these particular twins were lovely and quite healthy—they were about two weeks' old when we saw them.—*Sister Alma Julia, Rawalpindi.*

III

We had twin girls in the nursery—they were really sweet. Each weighed a little over three pounds. The mother was a poor village woman with four other children, and she felt most disappointed because they were both girls. I think she did her best for them, though, as she is a good woman—very kind and patient.

We have heard since they left the hospital that one is dead and the other is supposed to be *bahut moti,* which means "very fat." The doctor thinks they chose one to live and let it be breast-fed, and the other was given only cow's milk. Mother's milk is an absolute necessity to Indian babies out here, so they probably knew the inevitable outcome.—*Sister M. Camillus, Rawalpindi.*

Tic Introduces a Friend

By PADDY HIMSELF

It was really the Editor's fault. She had been scribbling all over me half the morning, until I felt like a skein of yarn the kittens had played with. Then a bell rang, and off she went. It was just a moment like this that Tic *would* choose to make his appearance! The door was flung open with a bang, and he stomped in singing, "*I'm a Knight so bold, I'm old as old, and I love to help fair ladies! I'm on a quest, and I think it best*——" He stopped and scratched pensively behind one ear. "Oh, bother! There's not a sensible thing to rhyme with *'ladies'!*"

I ignored his look of appeal. "Do you mean," said I (and perhaps I was a bit tart), "that you think the rest of it is sensible?"

Tic forgot he was a "knight" and in three hops and a handspring was sitting on the desk beside me. "Why, Paddy," said he, "of course it's sensible! Knights are sensible—and ladies are sensible—you couldn't say they're insensible. And there's no such thing as unsensible." He paused. "Or nonsensible."

I was still feeling ruffled. "There's *nonsense,* though, and to *my* way of thinking, that's just what it is" —I rattled my pages a bit to make him see I meant business—"it's just sheer nonsense."

Tic stopped swinging his feet. "Paddy," he looked at me somberly. "You're not yourself."

"And if I'm not, who am I?"

Tic ignored the interruption. "Paddy," he was standing beside me now with his hands on his hips, "you need a doctor." He took off his coat. "I think I'll give you an examination."

I started to protest, but he just put his finger to his lips, patted me on the head, and began. Suddenly he stood up straight. "You have something on your chest."

"I know it." I felt rather meek now. "But the Editor wrote it so high I couldn't look down to see what it was."

He stooped. Then he was up again. "Paddy," his voice was hushed. "It's debits." I tried to look like I knew what he was talking about. Once more he doubled over, then reappeared. "It's pulled you all out of shape on one side. I, uh——" he coughed a little, "I—uh—think it was the wrong side. Like the wrong side of bed, you know."

I felt a little repentant. "What can you do about it?"

Tic looked down at my chest again. "There's only one thing," he decided. "We've got to have a balance. I wonder," he pulled his right ear, "I wonder if a trial balance would do? I hate those, though. Um. What you really need is credit. I don't think you get enough credit, Paddy." I started to tell him I was sure I didn't, but he interrupted me. "The trouble is your circulation is bad. It's all outgo and no income. That," he looked very wise, "is why you've lost your balance. We've got to get more income."

"But that's what the Editor was worrying about when she started scribbling on me," I protested. "She said if she could only get a way to get everyone to work together . . ."

"Wait," said Tic, sitting down, and clasping his arms around his knees. "Let me think." I was silent. Tic thought. Suddenly he jumped up and clapped his hands. "TILL!" he shouted.

" 'Til what?" said I, dubiously.

I couldn't see his eyes, but I could feel the mischief in them as he answered, " 'Til we meet again!" and blowing a kiss in my direction, he scampered out of the room. I could hear him in the hall calling. "Till! Oh, Till! Til-leee-eeeeeee!"

And then he was in the room again, dragging some sort of a box affair behind him. "Tilly," he said, standing the box up, "meet Paddy." And to me: "Paddy, this is Till."

A soft voice came from somewhere around the box. "How do you do, Paddy?"

I was flabbergasted. "But—but—I don't see—I don't know—Tic," I turned to him helplessly, "what is it?"

"It's a till-box," said Tic. "You know, to put money in. Like having money in the till? See?" He turned it around, and there on one side were little compartments drawn, just like a real till, and a verse written:

A till has a spot for the nickels and dimes
And the pennies — each place holds a lot.
But Tilly's not fussy—she'll take what you have
If you'll just slip it down in the slot!

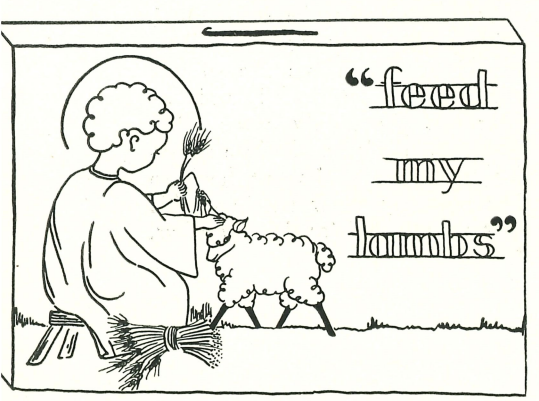
"But—but," I was still stammering, "but it—she—the box—it *talked,* Tic."

The soft voice spoke up once more. "Of course, I talked, Paddy dear," it said. "I had to say 'hello' to you."

"But—I can't see you—I can't see anything."

There was a ripple of laughter, lovely laughter, fresh and clean, that made you think of sunshine and green leaves and fish swimming in a pool in the woods, and then the voice began once more:

Tic's "Till-box."



A spirit is something you never can see—
And that is the reason you can't see me!
I'm the Spirit of Giving—neither bold nor shy,
I'm not really short—but I'm not very high.
You won't find me big—and yet I'm not small.
I'm here . . . . . and I'm there,
Yet I'm nowhere at all! . . . .
I can shine from a face—and never be seen,
Though you can't see me work, you can tell where I've been!
I always keep busy and I never sit still,
And because we are friends, you can call me—just—Till!

So—now we have another member in our family. I'm waiting for the Editor to come back and meet her. I think she'll like—Till. I think you will, too.

DeAR fRIenDS:

HErE aM i aGaIN! aNd dID yOu cATcH oN? TiLl iS a lITtlE caRdBoaRd BoX tHAt wILl hoLd pEnNieS aND pEnNiES AnD PeNniEs—aLl tHe pEnNIes yOu wANt tO sAvE dUriNg aDVeNt, So aS tO HavE a pReSEnt fOR tHe CHRIST CHILD oN CHRISTMAS! AnD iF yOU lEt TilL cOMe iNtO yOUr hOusE, i'lL cOMe, tOo—wHEre tHEre iS tHe *SpIRiT oF gIVinG,* thEre iS bOUnD tO bE thE *ShADoW oF fUn!* JusT wRItE mE aNd tElL mE yOU'd lIke tO havE a TILLBOX, anD a tIlL-bOx yOu shAlL hAvE! DoN't fORgEt—to kEep SmiLIng!

YouRS eVeR,
TiC.

Dear Tic:

Will you please send me a till-box? I'll really, truly do my best to fill it up with pennies (and maybe a nickel or two) and send it back to you for Christmas Day, to help make a "Merry Christmas" for the people in the missions. Here is my name and address:

Name .....

Address .....

.....

In Our Library

MAKERS OF NURSING HISTORY, *edited by Mete R. Pennock. Lakeside Publishing Company, New York.* $2.50. 142 *pp.* 1940.

Subtitled "Portraits and Pen Sketches of One Hundred and Nine Prominent Women," this attractive volume contains brief sketches of the lives and work of some outstanding women in the field of nursing both here at home and in other countries. The sketches are well and interestingly written and will prove valuable to students of the history of nursing and fascinating to those who are interested in what women have accomplished in this great field of Christian charity. The sketches cover a wide range and there are many names included in the volume that are familiar to all of us—Mme. Louise de Gras, now Saint Louise, foundress of the Daughters of Charity; Mother Catherine McAuley, foundress of the Sisters of Mercy; Jeanne Mence, foundress of the famous Hotel Dieu in Montreal; Clara Barton and Mabel Boardman, of Red Cross fame; Jane A. Delano, who will be remembered for her splendid service during the World War; Army and Navy nurses who have contributed greatly to the well-being of our armed forces; Florence Nightingale, known wherever nursing is known, and many other women who have done yeoman service in preventive work as well as in the actual care of the sick and suffering.

The volume has many illustrations, and readers will enjoy browsing through these all too brief pen portraits of *Makers of Nursing History.*

MY SUNDAY MISSAL, *by the Rev. Joseph F. Stedman, Confraternity of the Precious Blood, Brooklyn, N. Y.* $1.75 *to* 20 *cents, depending on binding.* 352 *pp.* 1940.

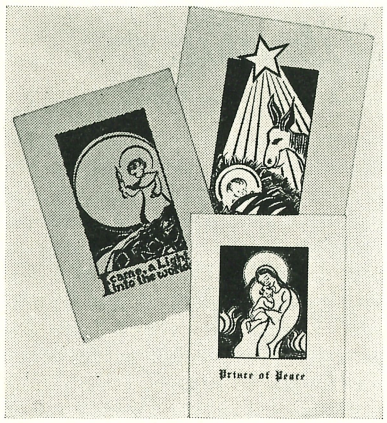
This new missal in Latin and English by Father Stedman has a number of new features making its use easy for those who are not acquainted with the complexities of the Roman Missal. Among other things it contains a Calendar of Masses, so that the Mass of the Sunday is easily found; an explanation before each Mass of the meaning of the particular Mass of the day; the Dialogue or Community Mass explained, and a number of pictures that indicate the progress of the priest at the altar. At the low price there is no excuse for anyone being without a missal so that all may follow the priest at the altar in an intelligent manner and so reap more benefit from their presence at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass.

GOD THE HOLY GHOST, *by James F. Carroll, C.S.Sp. P. J. Kenedy and Sons, New York.* 1940. 316 *pp.* $2.50.

Father Carroll has divided this new book on the Third Person of the Blessed Trinity into four parts: The first part deals with the seven Gifts; the second, with the Beatitudes, which the author describes as "the gifts of the Holy Ghost acting upon sanctified souls, making them produce fruit for eternity"; the third section of the book explains the twelve Fruits of the Holy Ghost, and the fourth part Father Carroll devotes to a study of the part we are privileged to play in the Apostolate of the Holy Spirit.

Throughout the book Father Carroll uses a clear-cut, simple style, giving examples of the work of the Holy Ghost in the soul both by the Gifts and the Fruits from the common occurrences of everyday life, and bringing home more clearly the essential part the Holy Ghost plays daily in the work of our sanctification.

The book is not an exhaustive study of the Holy Spirit, nor is it intended to be, but it will serve as an excellent introduction, especially for those who find other works too deep and who are seeking a volume that will give them a practical acquaintance with the Catholic doctrine on *God the Holy Ghost.*



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by:

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2. Saying a prayer daily for the intentions of the Society.

3. Making any offering of money or goods, in gratitude to God, and for the assistance of our Society.

4. Subscribing to THE MEDICAL MISSIONARY.

Members of the League are remembered daily at Mass and Holy Communion and in all the prayers and works of the Medical Missionaries. Deceased relatives and friends also may be enrolled in the League and will then participate in the spiritual benefits.

The LEAGUE OF GRATITUDE has as its purpose to create a bond of helpful union between our benefactors and our Society, for the purpose of extending the Kingdom of Christ through charity to the sick and suffering in mission countries. It is under the patronage of Our Lady, Cause of Our Joy, under which title the Society of Catholic Medical Missionaries is dedicated to her. The dynamo which sets and keeps it in motion is—as the name implies—*gratitude to God* for the priceless gifts of Faith and health and the many blessings bestowed upon us daily.

With the growth of the Society, we naturally aim also at an increase of the League of Gratitude Family. We want to pray, to make sacrifices and to labor together for the extension of God's Kingdom through charity to the sick and suffering.

Dear Doctor Dengel:

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Sincerely yours,

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The Motherhouse and Novitiate are located in Fox Chase, Philadelphia, Pa. There is also a House of Studies in Brookland, Washington, D. C., and Houses of Postulate in England and Holland.

At present the Society labors in India, where the Sisters conduct hospitals, dispensaries, maternity and child welfare centers, training schools for native nurses and midwives, and similar health activities. It is the purpose of the Society to send Medical Missionaries to any mission field of the world. The Society has many requests; it needs many vocations.

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